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A. M. D. G.

THE STRAWBERRIES.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

CHAPTER I.

Adolphus Wingold, a man rendered praiseworthy by his good qualities, held one of the principal posts in the province where he was stationed. He took advantage of a respite which the prince allowed him to frequent the baths; and he set out in the beginning of July to settle himself for two months in a beautiful house in the country, which he had hired at a short distance from the baths. His wife attended him, together with his three children, Ferdinand, Alfred, and Amelia—all three of them between ten and sixteen years of age. He possessed a very splendid fortune, of which he made a most noble use.

Some days after his arrival at his country-house, he took a walk accompanied by his small family to view the surrounding country. They had now arrived at the entrance of a wood. Ferdinand begged his father to allow him, as well as his brother and sister, to go and gather strawberries. Wingold took out his watch, and observing the time, said to them, "I allow you half an hour to look for strawberries, but upon condition that you will not go far out of the road, so that you may not expose yourselves to any accident. You must answer me every time I call you." The children promised to obey, and ran immediately into the wood. When the half-hour had expired they returned, each carrying with him a fine heap of strawberries which they delivered to their parents.

"Sit down here," said their father to them, "and listen to me. I can never see or eat strawberries without calling to mind an event which would interest you too deeply for me not to relate it."

The children formed a circle around their father, and listened to him with open mouths.

CHAPTER II.

The father thus began: "It is now about thirty years since, on the feast of the Visitation of the Blessed Virgin, that the inhabitants of a small town at a short distance from the Rhine, overjoyed at being at last delivered from the presence of a body of soldiers, who had long been stationed about the country, and whose officers had dwelt in the town itself, went out in a crowd to go and inhale the fresh air. They accosted each other with joy on their lips, they shook hands, and congratulated each other on being at length delivered from this military watch, which had caused them so much expense, and imposed upon the country so many taxes. Without the town were prepared lofty masts, theatres, and gaming tables; an enchanting music echoed around a sweet melody; it was, too, a splendid day, and it seemed to invite the inhabitants to go and enjoy themselves.

"Whilst every one was thus engaged in gratifying himself with these pleasures, a poor little boy about ten years old was sorrowfully seated upon a gate-post, in front of a very splendid house, offering to sell strawberries to the passers-by, and crying out every moment, 'Buy my strawberries, ladies and gentlemen, they are very fine ones.' Nobody, however, paid any attention to him. This child was clad in the dress of an hussar, with blue breeches, and on his feet he had a pair of worn-out shoes; an old thread-bare hat covered, or rather hid his head, for the hat had not been made for him, but was the gift of a charitable man.

"All the clocks in the town had now sounded the hour of midnight, and the little hussar remained there all the while holding out his strawberries, without finding any purchasers. He was greatly disappointed, and began to weep at not being able to sell his articles. Nevertheless, he waited there for some time longer, and at last, seeing that no one wanted his strawberries, he became inconsolable. His eyes were filled with tears, and he was cruelly tormented by hunger, for he had eaten nothing since morning, and still he durst not beg. 'My God!' said he at last, in a heart-rending voice, 'take pity on my poor father; for him was intended the money which I reckoned on obtaining from the sale of these strawberries; it is to carry to him a little white bread, and to get him a drop of wine to drink, that I gathered this fruit to-day: thou knowest, O my God, that I speak nothing but truth! Have mercy on the unfortunate old man!'

"These words were heard by the master of the house, who was standing at a window just above the little hussar, and who immediately came down and went to the boy, and said to him,

"'Give me these strawberries, together with the basket. Here is a crown-piece for you; go and buy some bread and wine for your father, and tell him to pray for me. Good bye, my little friend.'

"The boy gave up his basket to his generous friend, thanked him for the gift he had just bestowed upon him, by paying him for his strawberries ten times more than they were worth, and then departed. He did not long delay, but bought a white loaf, some eggs, and a bottle of wine, and flew to the forest where his father was."

Here Wingold paused to wipe away a tear; it might be seen that he felt an extraordinary sensation. His children were likewise moved; the father thus continued in a few moments:

"The little hussar then returned to his father. Represent to yourselves, my children, an invalid lying upon a wretched bed, in a hut covered with moss, half in ruins, and supported by an oak-tree. An old rusty carbine, a sabre, and a log of wood—these were the furniture of this dwelling. In one corner were placed an old knife and a bottle of water, and beside them might be seen scattered some crusts of black bread, without doubt the leavings of their frugal nightly supper.

"The invalid was greatly agitated at not seeing his little boy return. He was apprehensive lest any accident might have befallen him, especially on that day when the whole town was celebrating the feast of its deliverance from the soldiery. This man had heretofore distinguished himself in war, and had lost a leg. Obliged to beg leave to retire, he obtained of the prince a small pension, which was paid to him with great regularity, until on the day when the enemy had seized on the revenues of state, he saw himself deprived of this scanty support. At a loss how to act in future, he betook himself to this forest, where, with his son, he fixed his abode in this hut. There he made brooms and baskets of rushes and osiers, which the little hussar went and sold. He had scarcely wherewith to support himself, but he never lamented his lot, always hoping, that the Lord in his mercy would grant him better times, and come to his succour. For ten years he was unable to raise himself from his bed; one of the wounds he had before received on the field of honour had re-opened; his pains, still more increased through a total want of care, were extreme. He had been waiting for his son a long time, and seeing that he did not return, he recommended himself to God, and went to sleep.

"Scarcely had he commenced to taste the sweets of a refreshing sleep, when his son arrived quite over-joyed to inform him of his good fortune in having made so good a sale; but when the boy saw that his father was asleep, he placed himself quietly at the side of the bed, and laid upon the ground what he had brought. In about a quarter of an hour the old man awoke. 'O you are here,' said he to his son, 'why have you remained so long at town? I was much afraid that some accident had befallen you.'

"'O my father,' replied the boy, 'God has taken great pity on us to-day, and has been most merciful to us. A generous man came and bought my strawberries, and paid me for them ten times more than their value. I have bought a white loaf, a bottle of wine, and half a dozen eggs, and I have still some money left.'

"'God has been good thus to have touched the heart of this generous man,' replied the invalid; 'let us not fail to thank him for his gifts. I will willingly take a small morsel of bread and a drop of wine. Do you know the charitable man who has given you this money?'—'Here he is,' said at the same time a man who had been listening at the door, and who could not help entering to convince himself of the state of the old man.

"The boy looked round and recognized his benefactor. 'Yes,' cried he, approaching the unknown man, 'this is truly the case, Sir;' and he covered with kisses the hand which had given him the crown.

"'Good night, my friends,' said the unknown man; 'it is I, in truth, who gave this boy the crown. I had heard his lamentations, and his filial affection moved me. I wished to convince myself if all that was true which he had said about the state of his father, and I followed him hither, and I perceive that he even fell short of the reality. I am happy that I have come into this hut, to be able to alleviate your misery. You are sleeping here to-night for the last time; to-morrow I will send a carriage to receive you both, and conduct you to my house. God has blessed my undertakings, and enabled me to become possessed of a good fortune; and I cannot make better use of it than by sharing it with an old warrior who has shed his blood for his country, and with a boy so affectionate and devoted to his father. See, keep yourselves in readiness: to-morrow morning, at ten o'clock, the carriage will be here.'

"The invalid and the little hussar thought they were dreaming, when they heard these words of the generous man. 'Could it be true,' cried out the old man at length, melting into tears, 'that the Lord has at length deigned to take pity on us? Oh! hallowed be his name a thousand times! Never will we abuse the gifts he is pleased to bestow upon us. And you, generous man, who are willing to interest yourself in our lot, receive beforehand all our gratitude for that which you have been willing to do for us. God will reward you one day for your charity, and will restore to you a hundred-fold all that you give to unfortunate beings who will never cease to pray for you.'

"The unknown man seemed greatly moved by these words of the invalid, placed himself by his bed, put to him a number of questions, and at last departed.

"The next day there arrived accordingly in the forest a carriage which received the old man and his son; the old carbine and the sabre were not forgotten. The generous man received the two unfortunate beings with the kindness of a father, and assigned to them for their dwelling-place an apart-

ment situated at the extremity of the court of his house. He ordered a surgeon to be called in to dress the wounds of the old soldier, and paid such attention to him as moved this brave man to tears. The little hussar was no less the object of his care; he got him dressed, gave him a master, and having learnt that the boy had good inclinations, he caused him to be instructed as if he had been his own son.

"Ah! how many times did this father and this son in gratitude cover with kisses the hands of this charitable man! He, thinking he had done nothing, stole away from their tenderness, and went to enjoy in silence the pleasure arising from the consideration that he had made his fellow-creatures happy. Six months thus rolled away; the two unfortunate beings thought themselves transported to another world, and great was their excess of joy when they compared their actual situation with the deplorable state in which they formerly passed their lives. But this happiness, which they then experienced, could not be of long duration; the invalid again fell sick, and was seized with a slow fever, which carried him, by little and little, to the gates of the tomb. He was aware of the state he was in, and prepared himself to die a true Christian. After having made his confession, and received the last sacraments of the church, he called to him his son, and said to him in a dying voice:

"'You see, my child, that all is now coming to a close with me in this world. At the age to which I have now arrived, overwhelmed with infirmities, I cannot but thank the Lord for delivering me from my sufferings. Yes, I own to you, that I should die tranquil, were I less solicitous about your lot. Poor child! what will become of thee—alone, without fortune, and abandoned by every one? You see that your situation is very unfortunate, but if you remain faithful to God—if you fulfil well the duties which religion imposes upon you—if you continue to walk in the paths of virtue, as you have done to this day, your lot will not be so deplorable, and the Lord will protect you. Promise me then, my child, never to break the commandments of God, to shun vice, and to avoid sin as the only evil which can afflict man. If the Lord sends you trials, receive them as coming from a father, who knows what is proper for his children better than they know themselves; if, on the contrary, he takes pity on you, and grants you favours, be grateful for them, and never abuse them: ingratitude to God leads to many evils. Thus, my son, your happiness depends in a great measure upon yourself. I entertain a pleasing hope that you will be docile to the last desire of your father, and that one day we shall have the happiness of being united to each other in heaven.'

"The little hussar melted into tears, and took the hand of his father, which he covered with kisses. He promised the dying man never to forget his advice, and to live always a good Christian. Whilst he was speaking, the door of the apartment was opened, and the generous man who had received them entered. The invalid thanked him once more for what he had deigned to do for them, and let slip some words of inquietude about the lot of his son.

"'Be quite of ease on that point,' replied the charitable man; 'I take upon me the charge of this boy, whom I look upon from this day as my son. Providence has allotted riches to me, and I reserve them for him, if he knows how to merit my confidence by his affection and virtue. After your death I am going to give him a complete education, in order one day to send him even to carry on my affairs, which shall be his also, if, as I said before, he renders himself worthy of my confidence.'

"At these words the little hussar threw himself at the feet of his benefactor, and made a solemn promise to obey, respect, and love him as his father. This good-natured man kindly raised him up, pressed him to his bosom, and renewed to him his promises. This touching scene drew tears from the invalid, who cried out in a transport of joy that he would die content, since his son was safe with regard to his lot. After the lapse of a few hours he expired, leaving his son inconsolable for his loss.

"After the funeral rites of the invalid, all measures were taken to give his son the instruction and education suitable to the rank which he would hereafter hold in the world. This boy was well acquainted with the importance of his station, and he made it a duty to satisfy his benefactor, who, in truth, held the place of a father to him. Skilful masters initiated him into the secrets of all the knowledge which a young man of a good family ought to possess; and, at the same time, they formed his heart and his mind. At the age of eighteen, he took part in the management of the affairs of the house, and became from that moment the friend and confidant of his adopted father. Devoted heart and soul to the interests of his benefactor, the young man gave him on all occasions proofs of his fidelity, and contributed by his zeal and activity to increase still more the prosperity of this beneficent man. But this prosperity exposed *him* to the darts of jealousy and his base enemies. Public confidence and the esteem of all good men, without doubt, compensated for the hatred which some envious obscure persons bore to him; he ridiculed their clamours, and although he had been frequently warned to be on his guard, he did not wish to take any measures which prudence suggested to him. Strengthened by his innocence, and the testimony of a good conscience, he continued to live as he had ever done, when one day he received a fresh warning, and this warning was conveyed to him by his adopted son.

"This young man, who was then twenty-three years old, walking one day near the town, heard several individuals forming together their plan of attack against this estimable man. They meditated nothing less than to wait for him some days after at the moment when he should come out of a neighbouring house to go to his own, and to stab him with a poignard. The danger was immediate. This brave man, foreseeing that although he might this time escape the sword of his enemies, he would still be

exposed sooner or later to become their victim, not wishing to live in continual restraint, resolved to leave the town which he had inhabited for forty years, and to settle himself in a neighbouring state. He gave his young friend power to sell all that he left behind; he himself, taking with him a sufficient sum of money, set out the next day to put his life in safety, and to escape the tricks and malevolence of his persecutors. As he required rest, and as his age did not permit him to engage much in business, he renounced it entirely, and spent a very tranquil life, enjoying the fruit of his economy. His adopted son followed him some weeks after, and did not quit him. They lived together for some years in the most intimate union, never ceasing to thank God, who had deigned to protect them in so visible a manner.

"At last the generous man went to receive in heaven the reward due to his virtues; but, before his death, he appointed his young friend heir of all that he left. In this manner the young man saw himself in possession of a very splendid fortune."

CHAPTER III.

"Now, my children," said the father, after remaining in silence for some moments, "I must give you the key of the enigma, and acquaint you with the names of the persons, which now comes to be the question. Well, the invalid who has been spoken of was *my father*, and the little hussar is *myself*."

"Oh!" cried the children, quite astonished, "who could ever have thought that!"

"Yes; and the man to whom we owe our fortune, was the worthy Mr. Maintann, over whose tomb we sometimes go and pray."

"I am very glad to know it," said Amelia, "and in future I will pray to God for him much more fervently."

"And why did not you relate all that to us before?" asked Alfred.

"Because I was waiting for a favourable opportunity to acquaint you with the origin of the fortune which we possess," replied the father. "You see, my children, that we have no reason to be proud of our riches, since we owe them to another who laboured for us; or rather it is to God that all the glory of them returns—it is to him who took pity on us, and conducted everything. Never forget then, my children, that your grandfather was a poor soldier, and that your father was obliged to go and sell strawberries, baskets, and brooms, at the market, to gain a few miserable halfpence, and thus to support the old invalid, whom every one had rejected. This recollection will always inspire you with modesty, and you will learn never to abuse the gifts of the Lord. It will teach you also to be good and merciful towards the unfortunate, since those from whom you received your being, have themselves been poor and unfortunate."

"I," cried Ferdinand, "I shall love strawberries better than I have loved them hitherto, since they were the first occasion of our happiness."

"It is to God, before all," replied the father, "that we must return thanks; for if his grace had not touched the heart of the brave Maintann, my strawberries would have produced nothing. Let us thank him for his bounties upon the spot."

And the whole family knelt down at the foot of the aged trees, to send up to heaven the homage of their lively gratitude, for the benefits which the God of bounty and love had heaped upon them by means of a *basket of strawberries.*

P. S.

Laus Deo Semper.

PRESS WARRANT FOR SINGING BOYS.

THE only impressment remembered in the present age is that cruel expedient which was once resorted to for procuring a sufficient number of able men to serve in the navy; but in former times it was frequently resorted to for obtaining workmen for the service of the king, and, according to the Sloane MS. in the British Museum, No. 2035, a species of the same tyranny was practised even in the time of Elizabeth, for the purpose of getting choristers for the different royal chapels. The following is a copy of the royal mandate, which bears her majesty's autograph:—

"By the Queene, Elizabeth R.

"Whereas we have authorysed our servaunte Thomas Gyles, Mr. of the children of the cathedrall churche of St. Paule, within our cittie of London, to take upp suche apte and meete children as are most fitt to be instructed and framed in the arte and science of musicke and singinge as maye be had and found out within anie place of this our realme of England or Wales, to be by his education and bringinge up made meete and liable to serve us in that behalf when our pleasure is to call for them.

"Wee therefore by the tenor of these presents will and require you that you permit and suffer from henceforthe our saide servaunte Thomas Gyles and his deputie or deputies, and every of them to take up in anye cathedrall or collegiate churche or churches, and in everye other place or places of this our realme of England and Wales suche childe or children as he or they or anye of them shall finde and like of, and the same childe and children by vertue hereof for the use and service aforesaid, with them or any of them, to bring awaye withoute anye letts, contradictons, staye, or interruptions to the contrarie, charginge and commandinge you and everie of you to be aydinge, helpinge, and assistinge to the above named Thomas Gyles and his deputie and deputies in and aboute the due execution of the premises for the more spedie, effectuall, and better accomplishing thereof from tyme to tyme, as you and everie of you doe tendar our will and pleasure, and will answere for doinge the contrarie at yor perilles.

"Gouen under our signet at our Manor of Grenewich, the xxvith daye of Aprill, in the xxviith yere of our reign.

"To all and singular Deanes, Prouostes, Maisters, and Wardens of Collegies, and all ecclesiasticall psons and mynisters, and to all other our officers, mynisters, and subjects to whome in this case it shall apperteyne and to everye of them greetinge."

Economy.—All to whom want is terrible, upon whatever principle, ought to think themselves obliged to learn the sage maxims of our parsimonious ancestors, and attain the salutary arts of contracting expense; for without economy none can be rich, and with it few can be poor. The mere power of saving what is already in our hands must be of easy acquisition to every mind; and, as the example of Lord Bacon may show that the highest intellect cannot safely neglect it, a thousand instances every day prove that the humblest may practice it with success.—*Rambler.*

ST. TERESA'S VISION OF HELL.

(The following extract is taken from Mr. Abraham Woodhead's translation of the Life of St. Teresa, written by herself in Spanish.)

"After our Lord had done me many of those favours which I have related, as well as many others which were very great, he was pleased that one day, whilst I was in prayer, I should find myself (though I could not tell how) on a sudden lodged in a place of hell. I understood that our Lord was pleased to let me see there, the place which the devils had prepared for me, and which I had deserved by my sins. This lasted but a very short space of time; but yet if I should live many years, I hold it impossible to forget it. The entrance seemed to be a long close alley, or rather, like a low dark and narrow oven. The ground seemed to be like mire, exceeding filthy, stinking insupportably, and full of a multitude of loathsome vermin. At the end of it there was a certain hollow place, as if it had been a kind of a little press in a wall, into which I found myself thrust, and close pent up. Now, though all this which I have here said, was far more terrible in itself than I have described it; yet it might pass for delightful, in comparison with that which I felt in this press. For this torment was so dreadful, that no words can express the least part of it. I felt a certain fire in my soul which I am not able to describe. Those almost insupportable torments which I have endured, by the shrinking up of all my sinews and by other ways, and some also which were caused by the devil—were all nothing in comparison with what I suffered there, joined with the dismal thought, that all this was to be without end or intermission. And even this itself is still little, if compared with that continual agony the soul is in: that pressing—that stifling—that anguish so exceedingly sensible, together with such desperate torturing discontent and disgust, that cannot be expressed. To say it is a butchering, or rending of the soul, is to say little; for this would seem to express a violence used by some other agent, to dispatch and destroy her; but here she is her own executioner, and even tears herself in pieces. I saw not who it was that tormented me: but me thought I found myself both burnt and cut in pieces all at once. And in so dreadful a place, there was no room for the least hope of a possibility of once meeting with any comfort or ease; neither was there any such thing as sitting or lying down. Thus was I thrust into this place like a hole in the wall; and these walls, which are also most horrible to the sight, press in upon their prisoner, as that every thing there choaks and stifles. There is nothing but gross darkness, without the least glimpse of light: and yet I know not how it is, though there be no light, yet one sees all that can afflict the sight.

Our Lord was not pleased that I should see any more of hell at that time. But afterwards I had another vision of most terrible things, as punishments inflicted for certain particular vices; which, as much as I could judge of them by the sight, seemed to be more hideous than the former. But as I felt not the pain they did not give me so much fear. But in this other vision, our Lord was pleased that I should really feel those torments, and that affliction of spirit, as if my very body had been suffering them. I knew not how all this could be; but I understood well enough that it was a very great favour, and that our Lord was pleased I should discern, by the light of my own eyes, from what place his great mercy had delivered me. For it is nothing to have heard talk of heaven, nor to have meditated on several sorts of torments &c.; all is nothing to this, since it is quite another kind of thing: and, in short, the torments of this world are no more than a mere picture; and the burning which is felt in this world, but a trifle in respect of the fire there. I remained so astonished and amazed at it, (and so I am even now whilst I am writing, though it happened six years ago,) that at the thought of it my blood seems to chill in my veins through fear. And whatever troubles or pains I now suffer, if I do but call to my remembrance what I then endured, presently all that can be suffered in this world appears to be just nothing at all. And therefore I say again, that this was one of the greatest favours which our Lord has ever done me; for it hath been of very great benefit to me, both in making me lose all fear with regard to the tribulations and contradictions of this life, and giving me strength for the enduring of them; and also in teaching me to render thanks to our Lord, for delivering me (as now I may hope) from those dreadful and never-ending torments.

Since that time all seems easy to me, in comparison of one moment of such suffering as I endured there. I wondered that having so often read books, which give an account of some part of the torments of hell, I yet feared them so little, and regarded them not as I ought: and considering in what state I then was, how it was possible for me to take satisfaction in any thing, that was like to bring me at last to so bad a place. Be thou eternally blessed, O my God! For how well hast thou made it appear, that thou lovedst me in comparison better than I did myself! How often, O Lord, hast thou delivered me from that dark and horrible dungeon, and how often have I returned to cast myself in thither again, even against thy will! Hence, also, I come to be in very great pain for the many souls which are condemned, especially of the Lutherans, because they had once been members of the church by their baptism. This was followed by strong impulses to do good to souls; so that it seems to me very certain, that for the saving of any one of them from so excessive torments, I could suffer many deaths, with a very good will. I consider that if we see a person in this world, whom we dearly love, in any great pain or affliction, it seems that even our natural disposition invites us to compassion. And therefore to see a soul which is for ever to endure that supreme affliction and misery of all miseries, who shall be able to bear it? Surely no heart can endure it, without great grief. And since we are moved here to so much compassion for those whose misery, at the farthest, is to end with their lives; I know not how we can be at rest, considering what a vast number of souls the devil daily carries with him to hell."—Chap. xxxii.

Idleness is the great corruptor of youth, and the bane and dishonour of middle age. He who, in the prime of life, finds time to hang heavy on his hands, may, with much reason, suspect that he has not consulted the duties which the consideration of his age imposed on him; assuredly he has not consulted his happiness.

THE ABBÉ DE L'EPÉE AND THE DEAF AND DUMB.

THE possibility of conveying instruction to the minds of the deaf and dumb began to be distinctly asserted in the sixteenth century. Rudolphus Agricola, of Groningen, mentioned that he had himself witnessed a person deaf from infancy, and consequently dumb, who had learned to understand writing, and as if possessed of speech, was able to note down his thoughts. This statement was called in question; but "the theoretical principles on which the art rests were discovered and promulgated by the learned Jerome Cardan, of the University of Pavia, his native place. He was born in 1501, and died in 1576. Cardan thus expresses himself:—'Writing is associated with speech, and speech with thought; but written characters and ideas may be connected together without the intervention of sounds, as in hieroglyphic characters.'"

Pedro de Ponce, a monk of the order of St. Benedict, in Spain, who died in 1584, is stated to have been the first, or at least the most noted, amongst the early practitioners of the art of teaching the deaf and dumb. About forty years after the death of Ponce, John Paul Bonet, another Spaniard, to whom is attributed the merit of being the inventor of the one-handed alphabet, published a book on the subject. His work, which was in after years useful to De l'Epée, is entitled 'Reduccion de las Lettras, y Arte para ensenar á hablar los Mudos.' During the time of Bonet, the art was also making some progress in Italy. Many first discoveries were probably made; several of them originated with, or were carried forwards by, philologists, and particularly among the schemers for an universal language. In England, John Bulwer's name must stand prior to that of any other individual as an author on the subject, and his views, as given in 'Philocophus,' are sound and practical. It has often been attempted to place Dr. Wallis at the head of this list of discoveries in England; but Bulwer's 'Philocophus, or the Deaf and Dumbe Man's Friend,' was published several years before Wallis attempted even his treatise on speech, and he did not publish his claims as an instructor of the deaf till 1670.

The Abbé de l'Epée holds a high rank amongst the friends and instructors of the deaf and dumb. Previous to his time, and during it, the art of teaching those labouring under this calamity was pursued more as a cunning craft, for the benefit of a few individuals who carefully concealed their modes of operation, than as a means of enabling men to alleviate one of the many natural evils to which our race are liable. The Abbé de l'Epée brought to the work a disinterested benevolence, an ingenuous frankness, a patient persevereance, which elevated the art into a profession honourable in itself, calculated to enlist men's sympathies and to extend the will and the power of rescuing from mental oblivion those deprived of the usual means of communication with their fellows.

Charles Michel de l'Epée was born at Versailles in 1712. His father, who was the king's architect, was a clever and a good man, and brought up his family as all good men wish to do. Young De l'Epée was therefore fitly trained up. No scenes of domestic misery, arising from the indulgence of evil habits, passed before his eyes—his parents taught him the theory and showed him the practice of the fear of God and the love of his neighbour. He was educated for the church. Conscientious scruples stood in the way of his obtaining holy orders: being a Jansenist, he refused to sign a formulary of faith according to the established practice of the diocese of Paris, and he could not get past the rank of deacon. He therefore turned his attention to the law: but this profession did not suit his inclination and spirit. "His only desire was to be a minister of the gospel of peace, and at last he was successful." A nephew of the celebrated Bossuet, who, like his uncle, was a pious and liberal-minded man, being then Bishop of Troyes, ordained M. de l'Epée, and gave him a canonry in his cathedral-church.

The Abbé de l'Epée's attention was directed to the education of the deaf and dumb by an incidental circumstance. Business took him one day to a house where he found only two young women, who were busily engaged in needle-work. He spoke to them repeatedly but received no answer. The mother arrived, and explained to him the cause of their silence—the two sisters were deaf and dumb! A kind ecclesiastic named Vanin, had tried to educate them by means of pictures; but after his death they were neglected. "Believing," says M. de l'Epée, "that these two children would live and die in ignorance of their religion, if I did not attempt some means of instructing them, I was touched with compassion, and told the mother that she might send them daily to my house, and that I would do whatever I might find possible for them."

M. de l'Epée recollected that when he was about sixteen years of age, his tutor, in a conversation he had with him, had proved to him that there is no more natural connexion between ideas and the sounds by which they are expressed to the ear, than between these same ideas and the written characters by which they are expressed to the eye. Thus, take any particular word, say *water* or *fire*:—the Englishman who hears these words spoken, or sees them in writing or in print, immediately associates the words with the things themselves, but to a foreigner ignorant of our language they convey no meaning at all. If ideas can be conveyed to the mind independently of sight or of sound, it follows that the blind can be taught to read by their fingers, and the deaf and dumb to speak by their hands, and to hear with their eyes. On this groundwork M. de l'Epée commenced and devoted himself to the task of teaching the deaf and dumb. Some people thought him a fool for his pains, and ridiculed his labours, others pitied the infatuation of the goodnatured enthusiast, vainly, as they imagined, trying to get access to minds shut up in prison. But neither sneers nor pity stopped the labours of the worthy Abbé. At last public opinion began to change; a clergyman said to him one day, "I formerly pitied you, I now pity you no longer; you are restoring to society and to religion beings who have been strangers to both."

"One day," says M. de l'Epée, "a stranger came to our public lesson, and offering me a Spanish book, said that it would be a real service to the owner if I would purchase it. I answered that as I did not understand the language, it would be totally useless to me: but opening it casually, what should I see but the manual alphabet of the Spaniards neatly executed in copper-plate! I wanted no further inducement; I paid the messenger his demand, and kept the book. I then became impatient for the conclusion of the lesson! and what was my surprise when I found this title, 'Arte para enseuar á hablar los Mudos.' I had little difficulty to guess that this signified 'The Art of teaching the Dumb to speak,' and I immediately resolved to acquire the Spanish language for the benefit of my pupils." This book was Bonet's already mentioned.

M. de l'Epée's attention was soon afterwards directed to another book written in Latin, by John Conrad Amman, a Swiss physician, who resided at Haarlem, and who, in 1690, had undertaken the instruction of a girl, deaf and dumb from birth. These two works enabled him to form a system for himself, which though it was deficient in real usefulness, as compared with the improvements since made in this department of instruction, was yet abundantly successful.

But M. de l'Epée did more than devote his time and labour to the instruction of the deaf and dumb. His income was about 400*l.* a year. Of this, he allowed about 100*l.* for his own expenses, and he "considered the remainder as the inheritance of his adopted children—the indigent deaf and dumb—to whose use it was faithfully applied. 'The rich,' says he, 'only come to my house by tolerance; it is not to them that I devote myself—it is to the poor: but for these I should never have undertaken the education of the deaf and dumb.' There was no kind of privation which he did not impose on himself, for the sake of his pupils. In order to supply their wants, he limited his own. So strictly did he adhere to the appropriation which he had made of his income, that in the rigorous winter of 1788, when suffering under the infirmities of age, he denied himself fuel, in order not to intrench upon the moderate sum to which he had confined his annual expenditure. All the remonstrances of his friends on this point were fruitless. His housekeeper having observed his rigid restriction, and doubtless imputing it to his real motive, led into his apartment his forty pupils, who conjured him to preserve himself for their sakes. He yielded not without difficulty to their persuasions, but afterwards reproached himself for this concession. Having exceeded his ordinary expenditure by about 300 livres (about 12*l.*) he would afterwards exclaim, in the midst of his pupils, 'My poor children, I have wronged you of an hundred crowns.'"

The Abbé, in his old age, and when the effects of his labours were too conspicuous to be reviled, received both approbation and flattery. The ambassador of Catherine of Russia offered him rich presents. "My Lord," said the Abbé, "I never receive gold: tell her Majesty, that if my labours have appeared to her to claim her esteem, all that I ask is, that she will send me a deaf and dumb person, or a master to be instructed in this art of teaching." When the emperor Joseph of Austria visited his institution, he expressed his astonishment that a man so deserving had not obtained at least an abbey whose revenues he might apply to the wants of the deaf and dumb. He offered to ask one for him, or even to give him one in his own dominions. "I am already old," said M. de l'Epée; "if your Majesty wishes well to the deaf and dumb it is not on *my* head, already bending to the tomb, that the benefit must fall—it is on the work itself."

The success of the Abbé de l'Epée was not complete, but he pursued his methods with openness and candour, and with the single desire of promoting the moral and intellectual advancement of the deaf and dumb. Heinecke of Leipzig and Pereire of Paris, must be regarded as his rivals, but he invited them to a discussion of the merits of the various systems, which they declined. While the good Abbé, with that frankness which formed a beautiful feature in his character, solicited the examination and the judgment of the learned upon his methods, his rivals shrouded their proceedings under a veil of mystery. The Abbé devoted his life and whole fortune, excepting a bare supply for his own wants, to the service of the class whom he had taken under his protection. Përeire refused to disclose his methods except for a large recompense; and Heinecke, in addition to receiving payment from the rich, had 400 crowns annually allowed him by the grand duke of Saxony. Both these persons made the art they professed an interested speculation; the Abbé de l'Epée only tolerated the rich; he was proud of being the instructor of the indigent. His successor, the Abbé Sicard, carried forward the principles of De l'Epée; he instructed his pupils in the elements of composition, a branch of their education comparatively new, and in which Sicard most completely evinced his superiority over his master. Sicard at first conducted a school at Bordeaux; on the death of the Abbé de l'Epée, he was called to fill his place at Paris.

Village lighted up by natural Gas.—The village of Fredonia in the western part of the state of New York presents this singular phenomenon. I was detained there a day in October of last year, and had an opportunity of examining it at leisure. The village is forty miles from Buffalo, and about two from Lake Erie; a small but rapid stream, called the Canadoway passes through it, and after turning several miles discharges itself into the lake below; near the mouth is a small harbour with a lighthouse. While removing an old mill which stood partly over this stream in Fredonia three years since, some bubbles where observed to break frequently from the water, and on trial were found to be inflammable. A company was formed, and a hole an inch-and-a-half in diameter, being bored through the rock, a soft fetid limestone, the gas left its natural channel and ascended through this. A gasometer was then constructed, with a small house for its protection, and pipes being laid, the gas is conveyed through the whole village. One hundred lights are fed from it more or less, at an expense of one dollar and a half yearly for each. The flame is large, but not so strong or brilliant as that from gas in our cities; it is, however, in high favour with the inhabitants. The gasometer, I found on measurement, collected eighty-eight cubic feet in twelve hours during the day; but the man who has charge of it told me that more might be be procured with a larger apparatus. About a mile from the village, and in the same stream, it comes up in quantities four or five times as great The contractor for the lighthouse purchased the right to it, and laid pipes to the lake; but found it impossible to make it descend, the difference in elevation being very great. It preferred its own natural channels, and bubbled up beyond the reach of his gasometer. The gas is carburetted hydrogen, and is supposed to come from beds of bituminous coal: the only rock visible, however, here, and to a great extent on both sides along the southern shore of the lake, is fetid limestone.—*Brewster's Journal*, 1830.

HYMN.

Now are our limbs refreshed with quiet sleep,
And from the couch we spring;
Father, Thy children let Thy presence keep,
For unto Thee we sing.

Thee first the tongue shall chaunt and speak Thy praise,
Thee glowing heart would win,
That thou, O Holy One, of all our ways
May'st be the origin.

Let shades of darkness yield to dawning light,
Night to the star of day,
Struck by its rays, the ill that loves the night,
Shall vanish quite away.

Suppliant to Thee we turn, Thy grace implore,
Cut off each deed of blame,
That so our tongues may sing Thee evermore,
And glorify Thy name.

Merciful Father, hear us in Thy love,
And Thou co-equal Son,
Who reignest through all time in Heav'n above,
With Paraclete all One.

VESPER HYMN.

FATHER of Light, who light and day
Has bound in one for ever sure,
Who Earth's foundations firm didst lay
In heavenly light, to rest secure.

Thou didst the glowing morn unite
With ev'ning pale, and call it day,
Confusion dark shall shun thy light;
Lord, hear us when we weep and pray.

Let not our heart, oppressed with crime,
From thy salvation's gift depart,
Nor worldly thoughts of fleeting time
In deeds of sin enslave our heart.

Teach us to seek the gate of heaven,
And thence the gifts of Life attain;
Let every sin from us be driven,
No vice on our affections gain.

O Righteous Father, hear our prayer,
Father of all and thine own Son;
And Holy Ghost the Comforter,
Who reignest ever Three in One.

Coffee in the Desert.—It is astonishing what effect the smallest portion of the strong coffee made by the Arabs has: no greater stimulus is required in the longest and most arduous journeys. It is universal throughout the East, but more used by the Arabs of the desert than by any other class; they will often go without food for twenty-four hours if they can but have recourse to the little dram of coffee, which from the small compass in which they carry the apparatus, and the readiness with which it is made, they can always command. I can vouch for both its strengthening and exhilarating effect; it answers these purposes better than I can conceive it possible a dram of spirits could do to those who indulge in it.—*Major Skinner's Adventures in the East.*

THE LIFE OF BROTHER MARTIN OF JESUS CRUCIFIED,

OF THE ORDER OF THE PASSIONISTS,

Who died in the year of our Lord 1823.

(Continued from page 477.)

How faultless and edifying in reality was this youth, appears again from his fellow students, who, like the generality of young persons, are naturally tempted to reflect more frequently upon the defects of their companions, than upon their virtues, nevertheless, they never observed any thing in Brother Martin but subjects for admiration and imitation. This is true, that one of them, Father Guetino, who died happily in this place of retreat during the Lent of this year, 1826, and perhaps the most discerning among them, when once questioned by me upon what virtue he made his particular examine, (which with us is made before reading, conformably to what is prescribed in our holy rule), answered me, that his examine turned upon the imitation of Brother Martin, seeing if that day he had resembled him in any thing, and in what instances he had acted differently from him. Hearing this, I could not disapprove the points upon which he made his examine; on the contrary, I approved of it, telling him to continue it in the same manner, therein being contained matter for his whole life, and that he would have attained no little gain, should he succeed in rendering himself similar to that model of religious perfection.

Nor did Martin, in attending so exactly to the acquisition of those virtues which form a true religious, forget the attainment of that knowledge which forms a true minister of the Sanctuary, and which goes hand in hand with virtue. He was most diligent at his studies, being well assured, that no one can be a good scholar without attending well to study. From the first, I admired the exactness with which he studied whatever was explained in the school; learning almost literally every lesson he heard. By means of this diligence, added to his great capacity for study, he advanced considerably in a very short time, and was superior to all his first companions, not only in piety, but also in letters; he now possessed penetrating intellect, which enabled him to perceive at first sight every circumstance, even the most concealed of the question proposed, examining its divers respects, and inferring its consequences with incredible celerity. He advanced his objections at the proper time and place, never doing so for the sake of attacking, but merely for the sake of understanding the reason, and to remove the apparent difficulties, so that immediately on receiving the answer, he remained quiet without a reply.

To depth of talent was united a most astonishingly happy memory. He could at once have recited all the rules which are contained in minor logic with those endless distinctions of terms, propositions, syllogisms, &c. In the first examine that was made in minor and major logic, he signalised himself above all the rest, though all did so well, that the Father Examiners expressed themselves much satisfied. In the second examination, which was made on Metaphysics in the presence of the General, the humble youth, having perhaps felt a little mortified with his success in the first, came to ask me if it were allowable to dissimulate at the interrogatories, and to pretend not to be able to return proper answers. I told him this would not be right; but that without reflecting on so many things, he should reply conformably to what was in his mind. In effect, at this examine he replied very well as to the substance of the answers, but with a certain subdued manner, which made his abilities appear less than they really were; and a close observer of his proceeding could very well discern that he acted thus on purpose to be humbled. At the last examine, which was made on the whole of Philosophy, he succeeded to admiration, though at that time he was scarcely able to apply by reason of his illness, which was gradually reducing him to the extremity of life.

It has already been said, that he had much to suffer before being received, principally on account of his delicate and weak constitution. He was now received, and went to the noviceship by no means in health. In the novitiate, though he had some slight indisposition, it was nothing considerable. On commencing his studies, his health seemed pretty good, though he always looked thin and rather pale. A year before he passed from this life, he began to experience more serious indisposition, and feverish symptoms began after Easter 1822, with a pain in his chest, occasioned, I believe, by his too great mortification, especially with regard to drink. Of all this he said nothing; had he mentioned it in the beginning, it might perhaps have been remedied. He continued the observance without seeking any dispensation, and what must have made him much worse, was the chaunting in the choir, never sparing himself in the least, and raising his voice as much as he possibly could. On this subject he was one day reprehended by a brother, who told him, he might do himself harm by thus forcing his voice in the chaunt, which in fact happened one night after Matins, when he could hardly get his breath. This Brother induced him to feel scrupulous, saying, "No one was allowed to kill himself;" upon this he came to me to ask if it were wrong to sing as loud as he could in the choir, even at the peril of his life. "Certainly," I replied, "this should not be done."—"I have been doing so," he answered, "what signifies it to me, even if I die in the act;" from this time, however, he tried to moderate himself, and seemed to be restored.

Almighty God would give his servant a presentiment of his approaching death, that he might more and more dispose himself for Paradise. During the months of October and November 1822, we one day went to take a walk, he said to me privately, "Padre Lettore, I shall soon die; many months will not elapse before I die;" but I seeing him in pretty good

health did not believe him; but, however, he assured me, saying that he had had a presentiment of it for some days. Like, again, in this to saint Martin, of whom the church says in his office, "Blessed Martin predicted his death long before it happened."

At the beginning of winter he became worse, a cough attacked him, which at first he believed proceeded from cold. He bore it without saying anything, and what was worse, the night fevers began, and he rose each night to Matins with the sweat of fever upon him. He did not mention it to any one; this went on for at least fifteen nights. Much, however, as he endeavoured to conceal his illness, he could not help its being discovered by the religious, especially by his complexion. He was then questioned how he felt. He answered, that at night he was cold, and then sweat came on. "Then you have fever," said they. He was now forbidden to go to matins, which was to him a painful stroke; however, he submitted, though with heartfelt sorrow. Once I saw him weep bitterly at not being allowed to keep the abstinence, this being the only time I ever saw him weep. The cure of the supposed cold was then undertaken; but the fact is, that the malady was then increasing rapidly. The fever was continual—the cough obstinate—he was pale and his voice weak—all hectic symptoms. The doctor asked him if he had a pain in his chest. He then replied, that for several months he had had one continually. The doctor chid him for his silence, as different measures would have been taken, had this been known. But what can the thoughts of man avail against the will of the Lord? Almighty God would take him to heaven, to enjoy the reward of his holy actions. He considered him as ripe fruit for Paradise, and on this account had permitted that he should conceal his indisposition, that (according to the saying) he might not die without excuse. The doctor began to apply remedies to the evil which had declared itself, but all were useless. The fever continued, the cough became more and more stubborn, and he was advancing with rapid strides to that most happy day, on which his beautiful soul, loosed from this mortal body, would fly to its celestial country. He, well aware of this, animated himself more than ever in the exercise of the greatest virtues. He spoke of his approaching death, as of the happiest thing in the world; and that death, which to one wise according to the flesh, would seem *terribilium terribilissimum*, to our youth, wise according to the Spirit, seemed the most delightful thing possible. With regard to the rule, he did what he could; and indeed, one may say, he did more than he ought, feeling no other regret at his illness, than being disabled from following the regular observance. There was no fear of ever hearing a complaint from his mouth, or even of a request for any thing that might be of service towards his recovery; on the contrary, he was made sorrowful at being treated with any distinction, on seeing that others suffered the least inconvenience on his account.

Scarcely had he learnt that his disease was contagious, than he took every possible care to be as little as he could with others. He would have wished to be left entirely alone, fearing the infection; and as one of the students went every night after Matins, to visit him and see if he were in want of any thing, he used to open his door that the infectious air might evaporate before the brother arrived; and if not absolutely in want of any thing, he would exhort him not to enter; and when sometimes they did, he would urge them quickly to retire, fearing every thing where the health of others was concerned. A student having told him not to mind about it, that he had some scent with him, &c., Brother Martin remained quiet, telling him to bring it always when he visited him. He was most obedient, not only to the superior, to the doctor, and to the infirmarian, but also to this student who would gently command him in what regarded his health, but of this we shall speak of more appropriately in treating of his virtues. What was most admirable in the infirmity of this youth, was the imperturbable peace, sweetness, and serenity of heart, by which he not only willingly accepted his illness, but made it serve as a comfort and sweet recreation to all who went to visit him. Such an instance is very rarely met with, particularly in a complaint so trying as that of the lungs, which his was, and the cough so importunate, that it scarce left him a moment to breathe, added to the continual catarrh. All the meekness and self-possession of St. Francis de Sales did not suffice, as he himself confesses, to maintain him in perfect serenity during sickness. "I assure you by experience," thus he speaks in his directory, "I assure you by experience, that ill health, though it take not charity from us, at least deprives us of charity towards our neighbour, unless we are very watchful over ourselves." Great, indeed, then must have been our youth's vigilance over himself, and the dominion he had over not only his heart, but even over his interior passions, to keep himself always cheerful during so long and tedious an illness; for not only was he never heard to complain, but moreover had always a smiling joyful countenance, which quite enchanted us; and sometimes when I was keeping recreation with the other students, I would say to them, "Let us go and recreate a little with Brother Martin." Accordingly we went to his room, and he entertained us so pleasantly, that we were not aware how the time passed. This cheerfulness proceeded from the testimony of a good conscience, the real source of the joy of the servants of God, which in him was so great, that being asked if nothing troubled him, "Nothing," he answered, and also from his perfect conformity to the Divine appointments, by means of which all was sweet to him, considering every thing to proceed from the loving hands of God. When asked how he felt, he answered, "I am pretty well," and to a brother who reprehended him for saying so, saying it was untruth, he replied, "But how can one not be so when doing the will of God?" An answer similar to that given by blessed Margaret of Savoy to those who visited her on a like occasion.

Being exhorted by the said Brother to beg of our Lord the restoration of his health, he could not be induced to comply, saying, it was better to do the will of God. Yet, sometimes he would condescend not to contradict the same, looking upon all as his superiors. His indifference to life or death was such, that once he came to me with some anxiety, saying, that it was a thing of no importance to him whether he lived or died, but feared this was a defect and proceeded from tepidity of spirit. This was the only scruple he had during his illness. One night when I went to his room, he related to me that shortly before, one of our Priests had been to see him, and had treated him very kindly, and assured that in a few months he would be dead, and moreover would go straight to Paradise, affirming the same to him with a sort of oath. The humble youth hearing this, feared it was the devil in the shape of a religious, but by the signs he told me of what had been said to him, I knew it to be in reality the identical religious, who perhaps had received some special revelation from God. On the same occasion, he told me that before he died he expected three assaults from the devil, specifying what these would be; but I cannot assert that he had them, not having assisted him to the last. His greatest fear was, that the enemy would appear to him under my form, but I consoled him saying, that God is faithful, *et non permitit nos tentari supra id quod possumus.*

Our religious seeing that his complaint got no better, wished to make him try change of air, by sending him to Corneto, where the air being not so keen as at St. Angelo, but rather thick, is more congenial to consumption. Another of our congregation having gone there was cured of his complaint. Suddenly, then, one morning while I was absent, they made him start for Corneto. The youth experienced some slight disappointment at not being able to wish me a last farewell; but as I was hearing confessions in the prisons of Vetralla, he found means to speak to me, and just say good-bye, promising to recommend me to our Lord after his death, as I had begged him. He then continued his journey, taking with him half my heart, and half the hearts of all those religious, who, at St. Angelo, had for two years been the admirers of his virtues.

Arrived at the retreat of Corneto, though much fatigued with his journey, he was, nevertheless, affable and cheerful. As usual, he was the comfort of these religious, and so gained their esteem and affection, that when there was question of the Provincial again making him change the air, the Rector was much grieved, fearing to lose his sweet company before the time. The students at that retreat all admired the virtue of our good Martin, particularly his great affability, meekness, and perfect resignation to the Divine dispensations. However, for a short time only were these able to enjoy his good conversation, as they had soon to leave for St. Angelo, upon which occasion, they went to wish this dearest Brother good-bye, who embraced them all with many admirable speeches, and promising to recommend them to our Lord, begged they would do the same for him. He gave them a letter addressed to me, which I will here give in his own words: "Behold Brother Martin, who wishes in this to give you some account of his state of health. I am happy, abandoned in the arms of Jesus and Mary, by whom, and through whom, I hope for Paradise. I return you thanks for all the good you have done me, I can only recommend you to our Lord, to whom I beg your reverence and your students will recommend me; if we do not see each other in this world, I trust we shall meet one day in heaven. I remain, &c., Martin of Jesus Crucified, servant of the most Holy Mary."

Of his virtuous conduct at Corneto, I can have no other information than what the Fathers who lived there have communicated to me. This is what was written to me by the Father vice-rector of that retreat, who was his director for the first month after his arrival at Corneto. "Scarcely had the said youth, (Brother Martino), arrived at the retreat, and hardly able to stand, than he requested I would assign him his employment in sweeping and cleaning, &c., and having, after many entreaties, more to content him than any thing else, given him the charge of trimming the lamp which burns before the most Blessed Sacrament, he performed it with the greatest punctuality, till the return of another Priest, who being appointed to the care of the church, in which the lamp was included. Brother Martin, to be doing something, would gather a few flowers, or change the water in the vases in which they were kept, though, as I have said before, he was often so weak, as scarcely to be able to stand. However, that which edified me most, was, his exactitude in obedience, as I had told him whenever the church door was open, he must keep the two shut which led from it into the retreat; he not only shut them when he passed through himself, but would place himself near when others passed, and ran quickly to close them after them. Many times every day I have found a study book in his hand, to comply with what the father Provincial had told him, viz., that he ought always to be looking over something that he might not entirely forget all; and once in walking time I found a book inside his cap which I myself had given him to read; and in order to fulfil the obedience, he told me, that he purposely carried it within his cap, that the rays of the sun penetrating into his head, might also transmit the contents of the book. This was one of his usual little jokes, which he often made use of on other occasions. He was little satisfied, (continues the same father), with general dispensations, for besides these which I had already given him, *toties quoties*, if he were in want of any thing, there was no danger of his running the risk of doing it without a decided and particular permission. Not only were the signs and counsels of superiors and infirmarians, but also of the other religious, as so many commands for him; so that if any one told him he had better go out for a little air, or rise from bed

a little later, or any such like things, he would immediately come to refer all to me, and know what he should do. Although by taking a little sugar-candy, or other thing, he could have appeased his cough, nevertheless, on communion days he preferred suffering this inconvenience than being deprived of so great a good, for the receiving of which, it is indescribable with what purity of conscience he prepared himself, having a scruple of the least imperfection though not even venial. Then his resignation and indifference respecting his illness appears to me something more than ordinary, never having once heard a complaint from his mouth, nor apparent disgust at so much medicine and other disagreeables, which are known only to him who suffers them, though from his first coming to the retreat of Corneto they were greatly augmented. In talking of death he always preserved the same tone of mind, cheerfulness, and content, insomuch that he was often himself a comfort to those who went to entertain him. This is what I have been able to learn of Brother Martin in about a month's time that I have lived with him, which, added to what your reverence knows already, will very well serve to show the depth of spirit he had acquired; and if we cannot relate of him wonderful feats of extraordinary virtue, as we read in the lives of other servants of God, I believe it is only from the want of opportunities, and no other cause."

So far the above mentioned father. The farther accounts of the last months of Brother Martin's illness and his happy death, I received from another Priest who assisted him in his last moments. I will relate the whole in the precise terms of this religious, not being able to have better or more exact information.

"After Brother Martin had sojourned a day in this retreat, the superior, finding that his cough troubled him continually both day and night, ordered that he should be provided with a mattress. This out of mortification he refused; but the father Rector induced him to accept it, assuring him it was according to the spirit of our holy rule. He was most assiduous in the observance of the holy rule, especially in silence; so that in three months, he was only known to speak of his own accord with the superior and spiritual father. He had even a scruple of answering the religious who went to see him in his cell; and if seculars spoke to him, he answered them by signs that he was not allowed to speak to them, raising his hands to heaven. If he wanted any thing, he asked for it in an under tone. On two occasions (besides others which I am not aware of) he used signs to make himself understood; but finding them unsuccessful, he said merely what was necessary in an humble and low voice. He minded his own affairs without interfering with those of others, he never gave any one occasion to complain of him, on the contrary, all spoke well of him. In the midst of so many sufferings he always maintained a cheerful temper. The father Rector, who visited him in his cell oftener than any one, asked him how he was, and he answered, 'I am pretty well, let us thank God.' To this invariable answer, the superior said to him one morning, 'But, my son, I have heard you cough the whole of this night, and you say you are pretty well.' The youth then replied smiling. 'Well, we must do the most holy will of God!' Another morning, the same superior finding he had great difficulty in breathing, suggested to him to apply to our holy father. The invalid answered, 'It is better to do the will of God.' He had so much delicacy of conscience, even in the most minute things, and would always depend on the will of his superior, I may say, to his last breath. Most exact was he about holy poverty. Knowing his complaint to be contagious, he went to the superior's room, begging he would have the little table and his good habit removed from his cell. The superior asked him why? He replied, 'I am consumptive, and these things will be lost and thrown into the fire if not taken from our cell.' The superior tranquillized him with a smile, telling him that the Providence of God would have care of all. Some days after he returned to the superior's room with the habit and a new cap, begging most earnestly that they might be put bye in the tailor's shop. Not to fail in holy poverty, the superior condescended, and the sick youth consigned them himself to the tailor. Assiduous in making his prayer, he rose early in the morning, entertaining himself in the correction of his defects. He often visited our sacramental Saviour Jesus, scarcely ever omitted Communion on the days prescribed by the holy rule; and although obliged by illness to take something in the night, as sugar-candy, chocolate, &c. in order to calm his cough, nevertheless on communion days preferred suffering everything rather than lose sacramental communion! His usual sayings were, 'We must do what our superiors wish; we must do the will of God. Lord, may thy most holy will be done!' He complied as much as he could with the observance of our holy rule; acknowledged his faults in the refectory with the cross on his shoulders, &c. Whatever he could do for himself he would not allow others to do for him, and always returned thanks for anything that was done for him, saying, 'May God reward your charity.' He never gave the least sign that a thing was not according to his liking, but was content with every thing, grateful for every thing.

(To be Continued.)

Mud Baths.—Of every other species of bath they are certainly the most novel. Fancy a stagnant lake, of some extent, the greatest part composed of mud, where you see a multitude of heads (the whole of the bathers are buried to the chin), smoking, eating, drinking, laughing, singing, and moaning, altogether forming a scene the most comic imaginable. They remain in their muddy prison for about an hour, when another scene takes place which baffles description. We then see the lake give forth its temporary inhabitants, composed of persons of all ages; some running, some hobbling on crutches, on their way to wash themselves in a clearer part of the lake, each carrying on a long pole his wearing apparel; but it is their darkened bodies, covered with mud, and cadaverus countenances, that realize every idea you might form of the resurrection of the dead.—*Spencer's Travels in Circassia.*

THE AMERICAN ICE TRADE

(From the London Mercantile Gazette.)

In America, where the extreme cold of the winter furnishes the ice in great abundance and perfection, and the excessive heat of summer renders the necessity for its use proportionately great, the trade in it has acquired an importance which, not long since, would have seemed impossible. In different districts of the country, large and pure lakes have almost the value which here attaches to mines; and companies with large capital are formed, who purchase them as one might purchase a coal-mine, to rob them periodically of their crystal treasures, for the summer supply of the public. One of the lakes which has been purchased for this object, is situated so near the seaboard, that its proprietors have, within the last few years, hit upon the novel plan of making the product of their lake an article of export, for the supply of those regions where the heat of a tropical summer makes its cooling properties not only acceptable and refreshing, but highly salubrious. Thousands of tons of this arctic crystal are now annually shipped from Boston (United States) to our East Indies, to the West Indian Archipelago, and to the continent of South America. Not content with these extended fields of consumption, the indomitable perseverance of these Yankee trespassers on the dominions of King Frost, has induced them to throw their merchandise into the English market; and after one or two individual, and but partially successful attempts to introduce it here of late years, "The Wenham Lake Ice Company" have taken up the matter in earnest—erected extensive ice-houses here and at Liverpool, and arranged for the transportation to this country of thousands of tons of ice.

One surprising circumstance connected with the trade is the fact that their ice, though transported to this country in the heat of summer, is not reduced in bulk. Those engaged in the trade we find, account for this by the fact that the masses of ice are so large, that they expose a very small surface to the atmospheric action in proportion to their weight, and therefore do not suffer from their exposure to it, as the smaller and thinner fragments do, which are obtained in our own or other warmer climates. It appears, also, that ice frozen upon very deep water, is more hard and solid than ice of the same thickness obtained from shallow water; and even when an equal surface is exposed, melts more slowly.

The Wenham Lake occupies a very elevated position, and lies embosomed in hills of majestic height and bold rugged character. The lake has no inlet whatever; but is fed solely by the springs which issue from the rocks at its bottom, a depth of 200 feet from its surface. This vast depth readily explains the great solidity of the ice formed upon the lake.

The ice-house is built of wood, with double walls all around; the space between which is filled with sawdust; thus interposing a medium, that is a non-conductor of heat, between the ice and the external air; the consequence of which is, that the ice is entirely unaffected by any condition or temperature of the external atmosphere; and can be preserved without waste for an indefinite time.

The machinery employed for cutting the ice is very curious, and is worked by men and horses in the following manner:—From the time when the ice first forms, it is carefully kept free from snow until it is thick enough to be cut; that process commences when the ice is a foot thick. A surface of some two acres is then selected, which at that thickness will furnish about 2000 tons; and a straight line is then drawn through its centre from side to side each way. A small hand plough is pushed along one of these lines, untill the groove is about three inches deep, and a quarter of an inch in width, when the "Marker" is introduced. This implement is drawn by two horses, and makes two new grooves parallel with the first, 21 inches apart, the guage remaining in the original groove. The marker is then shifted to the outside groove, and makes two more. Having drawn these lines over the whole surface in one direction, the same process is repeated in a transverse direction, marking all the ice out into squares of 21 inches. In the meantime the "plough" drawn by a single horse, is followed in these grooves, cutting the ice to a depth of six inches.

One entire range of blocks is then sawn out, and the remainder are split off toward the opening thus made with an iron bar. This bar is shaped like a spade and of a wedge-like form. When it is dropped into the groove, the block splits off; a very slight blow being sufficient to produce that effect, especially in very cold weather. The labour of "splitting" is light or otherwise, according to the temperature of the atmosphere. "Platforms," or low tables of frame-work, are placed near the opening made in the ice, with iron sides extending into the water, and a man stands on each side of this slide, armed with an ice-hook. With this hook the ice is caught and by a sudden jerk thrown up the "slide" on to the "platform." In a cold day every thing is speedily covered with ice by the freezing of the water on the platforms, slides, &c., and the enormous blocks of ice, weighing some of them more than two cwt., are hurled along these slippery surfaces, as if they were without weight.

Forty men and twelve horses will cut and stow away 400 tons a day! in favourable weather 100 men are sometimes employed at once. When a thaw or a fall of rain occurs, it entirely unfits the ice for market, by rendering it opaque and porous, and occasionally snow is immediately followed by rain, and that again by frost, forming snow-ice, which is valueless, and must be removed by the "plane." The operation of planing is similar to cutting.

In addition to filling their ice-houses at the lake and in the large towns, the company fill a large number of private ice-houses during the winter—all the ice for these purposes being transported by railway. It will easily be believed, that the expense of providing tools, building houses, furnishing labour, and constructing and keeping up the railway, is very great; but the traffic is so extensive, and the management of the trade so good, that the ice can be furnished, even in England, at a very trifling cost.

People in this country, have, however, yet to learn the various uses to which ice may be applied, as well as the best methods of preserving it. In America every family has a "Refrigerator," or portable ice-house.

To look on the creation with an eye of interest and feeling must be ever acceptable to the Creator. To trace out the several properties of his works, and to study with diligence and humility their laws, their uses and operations, is an employment worthy the immortal mind of man; since it is one of those studies which we may reasonably hope will survive beyond the grave—when we shall no longer see through a "glass darkly," what wonders of creation, spiritual as well as material, may unfold themselves to our view. But if we pass through this world, as the slumberer does through the night, unconscious of what lies around us, how can we be assured that those excellent things will delight us in futurity, of which we had no perception in our preparatory state? These, it must be admitted, are speculative notions, but they may be true; and they are certainly harmless: we may hope, therefore, they may be indulged.

"If good people," said Archbishop Usher, "would but make goodness agreeable, and smile, instead of frowning in their virtue, how many would they win to the good cause."

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